#9
HATE
$2.25
$2.75 IN CANADA
LEONARD AND THE LOVE GODS
EVERYBODY DO THE STINKY!
PETER BAGGE '92

PETER BAGGE'S

HATE

HATE #9 • SUMMER 1992 • CREATED BY PETER BAGGE • EDITED BY KIM THOMPSON • PRODUCTION BY PAT MORIARITY • TYPESETTER: GIL JORDAN • CIRCULATION: S. KINGSFORD & C. KRESNY • PROMOTION: LARRY REID • COLOR SEPS BY RAYSON FILMS • PRINTED AT PORT PUBS. • PUBLISHED BY GARY GROTH & KIM THOMPSON

EDITORIAL • SO HOW LAME CAN I GET? PRETTY FUCKIN' LAME! AFTER ANNOUNCING MY BIG GRANDIOSE PLANS OF PUTTING OUT A FANZINE, AND GETTING LOTS OF OFFERS OF ASSISTANCE FROM MY EASY-TO-EXPLOIT READERS, WHAT DO I DO ABOUT IT? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! I COULD OFFER SOME WHINY EXCUSES ABOUT LACK OF TIME, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BUT THE BOTTOM LINE IS THAT I SPOKE TOO SOON, AND THAT I'M AS BIG A DO-NOTHING AS MY OWN COMIC CREATION BUDDY BRADLEY. HEY, LIFE IMITATES ART, DUDE, AND IT'S, LIKE, SCARY! (OR RATHER—MY NEW FAVORITE TERM—"SCARILY REAL"!) ANYHOW, MY GOOD FRIEND AND NOTORIOUS *COMICS JOURNAL* QUITTER HELENA HARVILICZ HAS AGREED TO TAKE OVER THE MANAGING DUTIES OF THIS FANZINE THINGIE, SO SEND YOUR STOOPID IDEAS AND LOUSY DRAWINGS TO HER AT: 6515 19TH AVENUE NW, SEATTLE, WA 98117. HELENA'S VOW: TO PUT OUT THE MOST RETARDED, PETTY, MEAN-SPIRITED AND WORTHLESS PUBLICATION YOU EVER SAW! AND SHE'S JUST THE PERSON FOR THE TASK, TOO! • RETARDED, PETTY, MEAN-SPIRITED + WORTHLESS FANZINES DEPT.: ACTUALLY, MS. GILMORE TAMNY'S *WIGLET* MAGAZINE IS NONE OF THE ABOVE—I JUST COULDN'T PASS UP ON SUCH A *BRILLIANT* SEGUE—BUT IT *IS* A VERY ENTERTAINING, HOMEY, PERSONAL AND PERCEPTIVE COLLECTION OF STORIES, DRAWINGS, AND REVIEWS BY MZ. TAMNY + FRIENDS. $2.00 TO: 382 WYANDOTTE AVE., COLUMBUS, OH 43202. *ROLLERDERBY* BY LISA CARVER (A.K.A. LISA SUCKDOG, THE SAME L. SUCKDOG I MADE FUN OF IN *HATE* #5) IS AN INCREDIBLE COLLECTION OF ART + TEXT WHEREIN THE EDITOR AND HER COHORTS DISCUSS THEIR ARTISTIC, PERSONAL AND SEXUAL EXPLOITS IN A COMPLETELY SHAMELESS, NO-NONSENSE MANNER! $2.50 TO: P.O. BOX 1491, DOVER, NH 03820. (ATTENTION ALL LOW-LIFE SCUM: MS. SUCKDOG IS PLANNING ON TOURING THE COUNTRY THIS SUMMER WITH CARTOONIST/STINKY DATE DARCY STANGER, AND I CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT THOSE TWO DEPRAVED MANIACS HAVE PLANNED FOR THIS TOUR, SO KEEP YOURSELF POSTED!) • OTHER WORTHWHILE ZINOROONIES: *XYZ: DECONSTRUCTIVE COMICS* BY EDITOR JOHN KELLY, PLUS ARTICLES THAT TEND TO CONFIRM THAT THE END IS NIGH ($2.00, 82 KIMBALL AVE., YONKERS—*YONKERS?*—NY, 10704)... *VOX CANIS*, by *DAN* KELLY, OFFERS *MORE* PROOF THAT THE END IS NIGH BY TELLING YOU MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER WANT TO KNOW ABOUT RELATIVELY UNKNOWN SERIAL KILLERS AND OTHER NAUSEATING FACTS. ($2.00, BOX 476641, CHICAGO, IL 60647)... *BEN IS DEAD*: THE END *IS* HERE! FIND OUT WHAT THE BOHEMIANS OF L.A. DO FOR FUN, AND COMPARE IT TO BERLIN IN THE 1920S + '30S (THEN THINK ABOUT THE L.A. POLICE DEPT. AND *REALLY* GET SCARED!) ($2.00, P.O. BOX 3166, HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028)... Y'KNOW, I CAN'T GET OVER HOW YOUNG SO MANY OF THE PEOPLE BEHIND THESE MAGAZINES ARE, LIKE *20, 21 YEARS OLD* IN SOME CASES. HOW DID THEY GET TO BE SO *SMART* AT SUCH A YOUNG AGE? I WAS A *MORON* WHEN I WAS 21! *I STILL AM* A MORON, COMPARED TO THESE PEOPLE. OH WELL... • TOKEN AUDIO RECOMMENDATION: *PRISON*, A COLLECTION OF POEMS WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY THE LATE MAD GENIUS STEVEN JESSE BERNSTEIN, WITH BACKGROUND MUSIC PROVIDED BY PRODUCER EXTRAORDINAIRE STEVE FISK. I *CANNOT BELIEVE* HOW *GREAT* THIS RECORD IS—A SUPER WELL-DONE PACKAGE (W/ A GREAT COVER BY A. AUBRY + A. CHANTRY) AND A FITTING FAREWELL TO MR. BERNSTEIN (SUB POP, BOX 20645, SEATTLE, WA 98102) • TWO TITLES WORTH CHECKING OUT ON FANTAGRAPHICS' "EROS" IMPRINT: *BAD MEAT #2*, BY BUDDY B. PROTOTYPE JIM BLANCHARD, AND *SKINHEADS IN LOVE* BY NYC RENDERMEISTER BOB FINGERMAN. BOTH OF THESE TITLES ARE BIZARRE, DISTURBING AND DISGUSTING, THOUGH I DEFY ANYONE TO EVEN *ATTEMPT* TO WHACK OFF TO EITHER OF 'EM (THEN AGAIN, YOU NEVER KNOW ABOUT SOME PEOPLE, AS I SHOULD'VE LEARNED BY NOW)... OTHER *MUST-READ* TITLES FROM THE FANBOYGRAFIX FILES INCLUDE *REAL STUFF, NAUGHTY BITS, LOVE + ROCKETS, YAHOO*, AND *EIGHTBALL*. ALSO SCARF UP ANY AND ALL COPIES OF *BOX* AND *SPANK*, BY *LOOSE TEETH* CREATORS SCOTT MUSGROVE AND BRIAN SENDELBACH (I FORGET WHICH ONE IS WHICH, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER—THESE GUYS ARE LIKE TWO PEAS IN A POD. IN FACT, I'M GLAD ONE OF 'EM GOT HIS HAIR CUT, SO'S I CAN FINALLY TELL 'EM APART!) ALSO KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR T. LABAN'S NEW TITLE *CUD*, WHICH IS SURE TO BE A MASTERPIECE... OTHER TITLES ON THE P. BAGGE GOTTA-HAVE-IT LIST INCLUDE THE ENTIRE DRAWN + QUARTERLY CATALOG (*D+Q, YUMMY FUR, DIRTY PLOTTE, PALOOKAVILLE, PEEP SHOW*, AND *SLUTBURGER*), *STEVEN* AND *BLAB!* FROM KITCHEN SINK (NO MORE *BUZZ*, SOB BOO-HOO!), *BEER NUTS, TRAILER TRASH*, + J. WOODRING'S BEE-YOO-TEE-FUL *FRANK IN THE RIVER* FROM TUNDRA, *HUP!* FROM LAST GASP, *NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS* FROM VORTEX, P. MORIARITY'S *BIG MOUTH* FROM STARHEAD, PLUS ANY OF THE ONE-SHOTS FROM LAFLER'S CAT-HEAD: *BAD, DANGLE, DEATH WARMED OVER*, ETC.... I'M SURE I'M FORGETTING SOMETHING HERE, BUT KEEPING UP WITH THE ABOVE TITLES ALONE IS ENOUGH TO BANKRUPT ANYBODY... ACTUALLY, THAT'S NOT TRUE... THESE COMICS ARE THE *BEST ENTERTAINMENT VALUE* YOU CAN FIND THESE DAYS! • IN CLOSING, I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT I REGRET NOT BEING ABLE TO USE THE WORD "DISINGENUOUS" ONCE IN THIS EDITORIAL, SINCE IT'S MY CURRENT FAVORITE BIG WORD, BUT I TRUST I CAN COUNT ON YOU READERS TO WRITE IN SOME *DISINGENUOUS* LETTERS FOR ME TO RESPOND TO IN FUTURE ISSUES • I ALSO HEREBY MAKE THIS PLEDGE: THAT I WILL *NEVER, EVER* WRITE A COMIC ABOUT *ROCK 'N' ROLL* EVER AGAIN FOR AS LONG AS A LIVE! I'M *SO SICK* OF WRITING WORDS LIKE "BAND" AND "GIG"... YEESH... WHAT A SKEEVY, KOOTIES-INFESTED BUSINESS IT IS (NO OFFENSE TO ALL MY FRIENDS WHO ARE IN IT... HEH-HEH...) • ADIOS! • —P.B.

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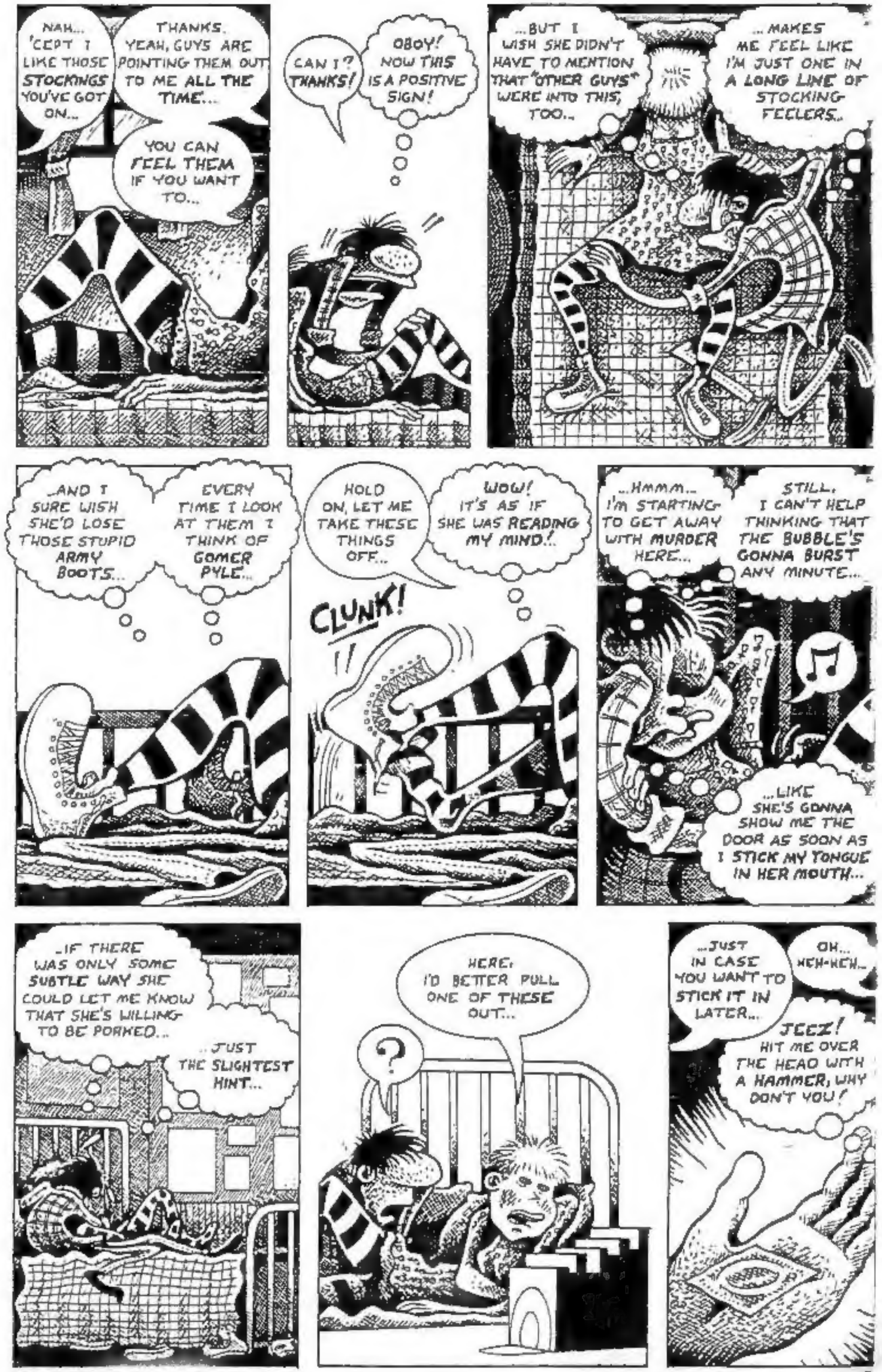
"FOLLOW THAT DREAM" PART II. ©1992 BY PETER BAGGE. (TRY NOT TO GET TOO EXCITED.)

I'M SERIOUS, MAN! THE EFFECT THEY HAVE ON THEIR AUDIENCE IS DEVASTATING! THEY LEAVE 'EM BREATHLESS!
THAT LEONARD IS ANOTHER IGGY POP!...
OKAY, OKAY, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT! WHAT DO I KNOW, I'M ONLY THEIR MANAGER...
MAN, WHAT A BLOWHARD!..
EXCUSE ME, BUT DID I HEAR YOU SAY THAT YOU MANAGE LEONARD AND THE LOVE GODS?
UH, YES— AT LEAST, I TRY TO. WHY DO YOU ASK?
HMMM... CUTE!
OH, WOW! THEY'RE, LIKE, MY FAVORITE BAND! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE 'EM PLAY THIS WEEKEND!
THAT LEONARD IS LIKE ANOTHER IGGY!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS JUST TELLING HIM!
BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS MIKE McDAVISON..
...I'M THE EDITOR OF CHEMICALLY EXPOSED FLESH MAGAZINE, WHICH I'M SURE YOU HEARD OF—
OOF!
SHOVE!
AND MY NAME'S BUDDY! PLEASED TO MEET YOU, ER, UH... WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS AGAIN?
I DIDN'T, BUT IT'S SASHA.
"SASHA"— WHAT A FAKE NAME!
THAT'S QUITE A GET-UP YOU'VE GOT ON, SASHA— ARE YOU IN A BAND YOURSELF?
WHO, ME? NAH... I'M JUST A BIG NOBODY, I GUESS...
A "NOBODY"? OBOY, MY FAVORITE TYPE!
A "NOBODY", HUH? GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD.. SO, WHAT OTHER KINDS OF MUSIC ARE YOU NOBODIES LISTENING TO THESE DAYS?
OH, THIS 'N' THAT... HERE, TAKE A LOOK...
"BADFINGER"?! AND FOR ONLY $3.99?!?
..A VALUE CONSCIOUS CONSUMER, I SEE... AND WITH GOOD TASTE, TOO...
SHOOT! HOW DID A MERE GIRL FIND THIS BEFORE I DID?
I'M NOT ALL THAT FAMILIAR WITH THEM, TO BE HONEST, BUT AT THIS PRICE I FIGURE I'D GIVE IT A TRY...

LOOK, I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU, TOO— I WANT THIS RECORD! JUST NAME YOUR PRICE! I'M SERIOUS!
REALLY? HMMM... WELL, IN THAT CASE...
...I'LL GIVE YOU THIS RECORD IF YOU GET ME AND MY FRIEND IN FOR FREE AND INTRODUCE US TO LEONARD AT THE SHOW THIS WEEKEND!
WHAT? OH, GEE, I DUNNO... THAT MAY NOT BE AS EASY AS YOU THINK...
WELL, I'VE GOT A BUNCH OF OTHER RECORDS FOR YOU TO PICK THROUGH, IF THAT'LL HELP TO "SWEETEN THE POT"...
...AND I LIVE JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...
OH YEAH? OKAY THEN, LET'S CHECK IT OUT!
AND SO...
IT'S RIGHT UP THIS HILL...
JUST LEAD THE WAY...
WELP, HERE I AM, BEING LED BY AN INCREDIBLY CUTE FEMALE INTO HER OWN HOME... HOW DO THESE THINGS HAPPEN, I WONDER?...
...ACTUALLY THE REASON IS QUITE SIMPLE: SHE WANTS TO MEET STINKY AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!
EVERYONE WANTS TO MEET STINKY THESE DAYS! IT'S DISGUSTING!
HERE WE ARE...
NICE BUILDING...
FRIGGIN' "LEONARD AND THE LOVE GODS" DON'T EVEN HAVE A RECORD OUT YET, BUT PEOPLE ARE ALREADY ACTING LIKE THEY'RE THE LIVIN' END...
THE WHOLE THING IS A MYSTERY TO ME...
...I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE LOVE GODS! IT WAS AT THE OK HOTEL...
ALL STINKY DOES IS JUMP AROUND LIKE AN IDIOT WITH A FEATHER DUSTER UP HIS ASS AND THE WOMEN EAT IT UP!
IT'S INSANE!
...THEY WERE SO COOL, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! ...WHERE'S MY KEYS...
...THE ONLY WAY I'M GONNA LET THIS CHICK GET ANYWHERE NEAR STINKY IS IF I FUCK HER FIRST!!! NOTHING LESS WILL DO! I'M SICK OF HIM GETTING ALL THE BABES! I WANT IN ON THIS GROUPIE ACTION TOO!

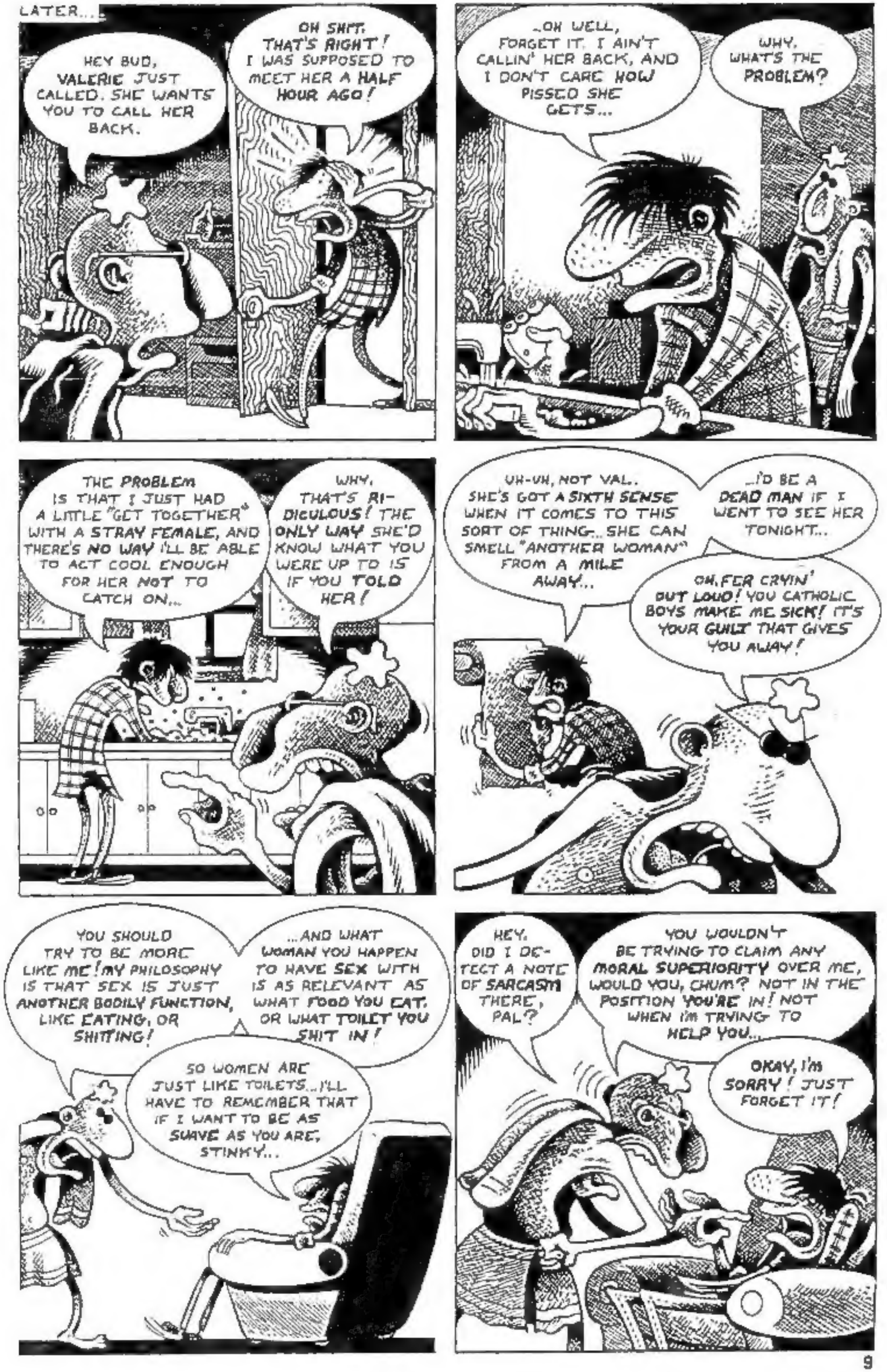
UH-OH...
WAIT RIGHT HERE WHILE I GO TALK TO MY ROOMMATES FOR A MINUTE...
RASTAMAN VIBRATIONS, POS-EE-TIV!..
DRAT. I DIDN'T FIGURE ON A SET-UP LIKE THIS. THOSE GUYS' PRESENCE PUTS A DAMPER ON EVERYTHING...
THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEING SO PRESUMPTUOUS...
C'MON, FOLLOW ME...
W-WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THOSE TWO?.
NEVERMIND ABOUT THEM. THEY KNOW WHEN TO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS...
THERE'S MY RECORD COLLECTION OVER THERE... FEEL FREE TO PLOW THROUGH IT...
THANKS.
JESUS! SHE'S GOT A PICTURE OF STINKY RIGHT BY HER BED! AND IT'S HANGING UP NEXT TO A PICTURE OF HOLLY NEAR!
OH MAN, IF SHE ONLY KNEW...
..AND LOOK AT THESE BOOKS SHE'S BEEN READING! IT JUST DOESN'T ADD UP...
WHY IS IT THESE SO-CALLED "FEMINIST" TYPES ARE ALWAYS THE BIGGEST SLUTS?
GIMBUTAS: THE LANGUAGE OF THE GODDESS
WOMEN ON TOP
STEINEM
REVOLUTION FROM WITHIN
ANGRY WOMEN
OOPS, THERE I GO AGAIN, JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS... I'D BETTER PLAY IT REAL COOL, SINCE SHE'S STILL WAY OUT OF MY LEAGUE, EVEN IN SPITE OF MY "MANAGERIAL" STATUS ...PLUS THERE'S THOSE TWO GOONS OUTSIDE...
I SHOULD FISH AROUND FOR MORE CLUES BEFORE I PROCEED ANY FURTHER...
SEE ANYTHING YOU LIKE?


NAH... 'CEPT I LIKE THOSE STOCKINGS YOU'VE GOT ON...
THANKS. YEAH, GUYS ARE POINTING THEM OUT TO ME ALL THE TIME...
YOU CAN FEEL THEM IF YOU WANT TO...
CAN I? THANKS!
OBOY! NOW THIS IS A POSITIVE SIGN!
...BUT I WISH SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO MENTION THAT "OTHER GUYS" WERE INTO THIS, TOO..
...MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M JUST ONE IN A LONG LINE OF STOCKING FEELERS..
..AND I SURE WISH SHE'D LOSE THOSE STUPID ARMY BOOTS...
EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THEM I THINK OF GOMER PYLE...
HOLD ON, LET ME TAKE THESE THINGS OFF...
WOW! IT'S AS IF SHE WAS READING MY MIND!..
CLUNK!
...HMMM... I'M STARTING TO GET AWAY WITH MURDER HERE...
STILL, I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT THE BUBBLE'S GONNA BURST ANY MINUTE...
...LIKE SHE'S GONNA SHOW ME THE DOOR AS SOON AS I STICK MY TONGUE IN HER MOUTH...
..IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME SUBTLE WAY SHE COULD LET ME KNOW THAT SHE'S WILLING TO BE PORKED...
...JUST THE SLIGHTEST HINT...
?
HERE. I'D BETTER PULL ONE OF THESE OUT...
...JUST IN CASE YOU WANT TO STICK IT IN LATER..
OH... HEH-HEH...
JEEZ! HIT ME OVER THE HEAD WITH A HAMMER, WHY DON'T YOU!

AND SO, AFTER A FEW FALSE STARTS THAT WERE FAR TOO EMBARRASSING FOR ME, AS A FELLOW MALE, TO ILLUSTRATE...
AHH, THERE WE GO...
...IT ALWAYS SEEMS SO SIMPLE ONCE YOU GET STARTED...
HUMP! HUMP!
...ONLY SOMETHING SEEMS AMISS...
...LIKE THE FACT THAT SHE ISN'T MOVING A MUSCLE, FOR EXAMPLE...
...YOU'D THINK SHE WOULD AT LEAST FAKE IT, AND SPARE US BOTH A LOT OF HUMILIATION...
OH WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GET THIS OVER WITH...
...UGH...THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IT'S EVER TAKEN ME TOO LONG TO COME...
UMPF!
SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUIRT!
ALL DONE?
YUP.
LOOK, UH, I HAVE TO GET GOING...
OH, OKAY...
HEY. WHAT ABOUT OUR DEAL?
DON'T WORRY, I'LL LEAVE YOUR NAME WITH THE DOORMAN...
JUST TRY TO GET THERE EARLY...
DON'T FORGET TO WRITE: "SASHA PLUS ONE"!
GOTCHA. BYE!
SLAM!

WHEW! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET OUT OF HERE...
HEY, MAN! DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME IN THERE?
HUH? WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS, PAL?
WELL, FOR ONE THING SHE'S MY WIFE...
Y-YOUR W-W-WIFE?! W-WELL, IN THAT CASE I, UH, MUST CONFESS THAT I REALLY HAD A WONDERFUL TIME... YES INDEEDY...
THAT'S COOL...GLAD TO HEAR IT...
N-NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I REALLY MUST BE ON MY WAY...
HEY, DON'T FORGET ABOUT GETTING US BACKSTAGE! A DEAL'S A DEAL, MAN!
DON'T WORRY, I WON'T!
A STEPPIN' RAZAH...
SSSSUCK...
BYE!
GOOD GRIEF!
NOW WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT SCENE ALL ABOUT?!
THOSE PEOPLE ARE NUTS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT GUY WOULD PROSTITUTE HIS WIFE JUST SO HE COULD SHAKE HANDS WITH STINKY!
WHAT A FUCKED UP SET OF VALUES!
THAT FUCKER IS CRAZY!
YOU'RE ALL CRAZY!
AND I'M NOT PUTTING YOU ON THE GUEST LIST, EITHER! SO THERE!
OH GOD, I FEEL SO USED...
HOW ON EARTH DID I ALLOW MYSELF TO GET SUCKED INTO SUCH A LOATHSOME SITUATION IN THE FIRST PLACE?
...AND WHAT THE HELL IS THIS I FEEL IN MY POCKET?...

OH NO!
HOW DID THAT GET IN THERE?!
YECH! DISGUSTING!
SPLAT!
UGH! NOW MY HAND REEKS OF PUSSY JUICE!
AND WHO KNOWS WHAT KINDS OF DISEASES MIGHT'VE BEEN LURKING IN THAT SNATCH!
YECH! YECH! YECH!
WIPE! WIPE! WIPE!
OH NO! AND THAT REMINDS ME THAT I FORGOT TO TAKE THAT BADFINGER RECORD WITH ME, TOO!
...MAN OH MAN, WHAT A DAY, WHAT A DAY...
...OH WELL, AT LEAST IF THAT DEPRAVED COUPLE DOES SHOW UP ON FRIDAY NIGHT I COULD ALWAYS POINT HER OUT TO THE OTHER GUYS AND SAY:
"...SEE THAT BLOND OVER THERE? I FUCKED HER ONCE."
...THAT OUGHT TO BE WORTH SOMETHING, AT LEAST...
HEY, BRADLEY! THANKS A LOT FOR GETTING IN MY FACE WHILE I WAS TALKING TO THAT CHICK!
JUST FOR THAT I'LL NEVER PLUG YOUR LOUSY BAND IN MY MAGAZINE —EVER!!!
FALLOUT RECORDS & SKATEBOARDS


LATER...
HEY BUD, VALERIE JUST CALLED. SHE WANTS YOU TO CALL HER BACK.
OH SHIT. THAT'S RIGHT! I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET HER A HALF HOUR AGO!
...OH WELL, FORGET IT. I AIN'T CALLIN' HER BACK, AND I DON'T CARE HOW PISSED SHE GETS...
WHY, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
THE PROBLEM IS THAT I JUST HAD A LITTLE "GET TOGETHER" WITH A STRAY FEMALE, AND THERE'S NO WAY I'LL BE ABLE TO ACT COOL ENOUGH FOR HER NOT TO CATCH ON...
WHY, THAT'S RIDICULOUS! THE ONLY WAY SHE'D KNOW WHAT YOU WERE UP TO IS IF YOU TOLD HER!
UH-UH, NOT VAL.. SHE'S GOT A SIXTH SENSE WHEN IT COMES TO THIS SORT OF THING... SHE CAN SMELL "ANOTHER WOMAN" FROM A MILE AWAY...
...I'D BE A DEAD MAN IF I WENT TO SEE HER TONIGHT...
OH, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD! YOU CATHOLIC BOYS MAKE ME SICK! IT'S YOUR GUILT THAT GIVES YOU AWAY!
YOU SHOULD TRY TO BE MORE LIKE ME! MY PHILOSOPHY IS THAT SEX IS JUST ANOTHER BODILY FUNCTION, LIKE EATING, OR SHITTING!
...AND WHAT WOMAN YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SEX WITH IS AS RELEVANT AS WHAT FOOD YOU EAT, OR WHAT TOILET YOU SHIT IN!
SO WOMEN ARE JUST LIKE TOILETS... I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT IF I WANT TO BE AS SUAVE AS YOU ARE, STINKY...
HEY. DID I DETECT A NOTE OF SARCASM THERE, PAL?
YOU WOULDN'T BE TRYING TO CLAIM ANY MORAL SUPERIORITY OVER ME, WOULD YOU, CHUM? NOT IN THE POSITION YOU'RE IN! NOT WHEN I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU...
OKAY, I'M SORRY! JUST FORGET IT!

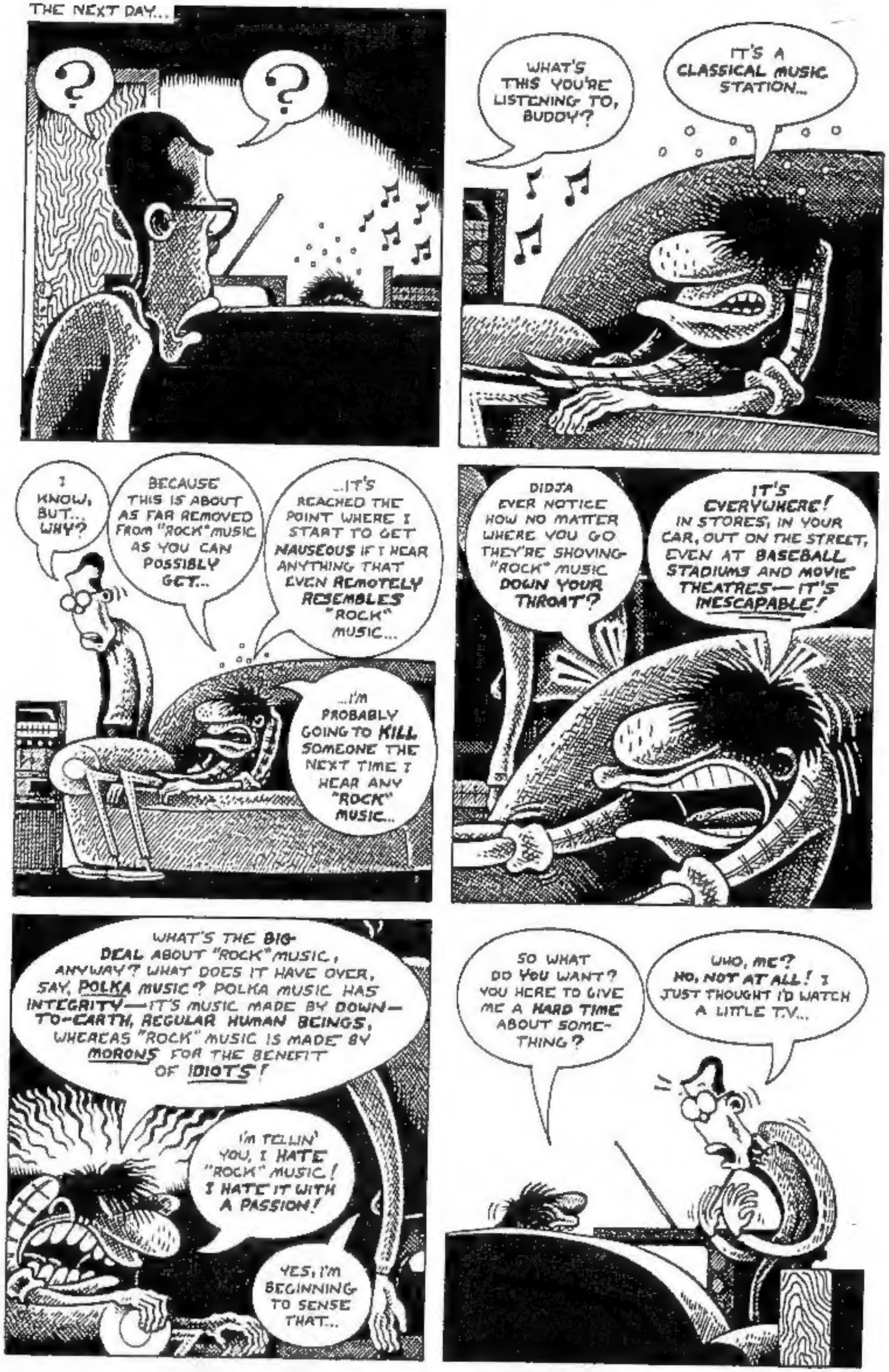
LOOK, THE POINT I'M TRYING TO MAKE IS THAT YOU'RE NOT FUCKING UP BY FOOLING AROUND BUT BY NOT CALLING YOUR GIRLFRIEND! THAT'S YOUR BIGGEST MISTAKE!
I DO NOT CARE TO DISCUSS THIS ANY FURTHER...
FINE! I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO ANYWAY...
...SOME FRIENDS OF MINE AWAIT ME IN MY "LOVE PANTRY."
HURRY UP, LEONARD!
YES, WE WANT TO TAKE YOU TO SPHERES YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!
ARRGH... I HATE THAT GUY...
ESPECIALLY WHEN HE'S RIGHT...
...EW, LEONARD! YOU'VE GOT DRIED BLOOD ON YOUR AMPALANG AGAIN!
THE NEXT DAY...
UGH, I'M REALLY DREADING THIS...
I HOPE SHE'S CALMED DOWN BY NOW...
HELLO?
HELLO, LISA? THIS IS BUDDY. IS VALERIE THERE?
NO, SHE ISN'T...
SHE ISN'T, HUH? WELL DO YOU KNOW WHERE SHE WENT?
I'M NOT SURE... FRANCE, I THINK...
"FRANCE"? DID YOU SAY FRANCE!?
I THINK IT WAS FRANCE. SHE HAD TO GO WITH HER BOSS ON SOME KIND OF ASSIGNMENT TO ONE OF THOSE EUROPEAN COUNTRIES ...I GET THEM ALL MIXED UP...
SO, WHEN IS SHE COMING BACK? LIKE, NEXT WEEK OR SOMETHING?
UH-UH, MORE LIKE SIX WEEKS FROM NOW... OR WAS IT SIX MONTHS? I FORGET...
SIX MONTHS?!? AND SHE'S WITH HER BOSS?!? I DON'T FUCKING BELIEVE THIS!
HEY, WHAT DO YOU CARE? I THOUGHT YOU AND HER WERE THROUGH, ANYWAY...

THROUGH?! WHO SAYS WE'RE THROUGH?!
VALERIE DID! I MEAN, SHE FIGURED YOU'VE BEEN LOSING INTEREST IN HER FOR A WHILE NOW SINCE YOU HARDLY EVER STOPPED BY OR CALLED ANYMORE...
OH SHIT...
...AND THEN LAST NIGHT AFTER YOU STOOD HER UP SHE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT IT BEING THE "LAST STRAW"...
YEAH, WELL— HEH, HEH— YOU KNOW HOW TEMPERAMENTAL VALERIE IS...SHE'S JUST MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLEHILL...
MMMM... I DON'T KNOW, BUD. I THINK YOU REALLY FUCKED UP THIS TIME...
I DID NOT FUCK UP!!! JUST YOU WAIT. I'LL BE GETTING A LETTER OR A PHONE CALL FROM HER ANY DAY NOW, AND...
I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT, BUDDY...
OH NO? WELL, WHO ASKED YOU?! WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS, ANYWAY?!
IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, WHICH IS WHY I'M GOING TO HANG UP ON YOU NOW...
I'M NOT GONNA WASTE MY TIME TALKING TO YOU IF YOU'RE GONNA BE THIS WAY...
FINE! HANG UP ON ME, THEN! SEE IF I CARE! WHO NEEDS YOU ANYWAY!!!
OH YEAH? WELL THEN FUCK YOU!
CLICK
NO, FUCK YOU!!!
SLAM!
OH BROTHER...
I THINK I MAY HAVE FUCKED UP...

NEXT EVENING...
...I SCREAM, YOU SCREAM, WE ALL SCREAM FOR MILLER-IN-THE-CAN!!!
FLING!
SPLAT!
BONK!
WE LOVE YOU, LEONARD!
LEONARD, LET ME BUY YOU A BEER!
LET ME LICK THE DRIED BLOOD OFF YOUR AMPALANG!
NO, LET ME!
MEANWHILE, BACKSTAGE...
HMMMM... THEY'VE BEEN PLAYING FOR OVER AN HOUR ALREADY... THAT MEANS YOU'LL ONLY GET PAID HALF THE AMOUNT WE AGREED ON...
HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
...I SAW YOUR
AND YOUR
DRINKING... MILLER-IN-THE-CAN!
DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH ME, MR. BRADLEY! YOU KNOW MY POLICY! NOBODY BUYS BOOZE WHILE THE MUSIC'S PLAYING! I WANT THEM OFF THE STAGE NOW!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! SINCE WHEN IS A BAND PENALIZED FOR PLAYING TOO LONG?
RULES ARE RULES, BRADLEY! AND I RUN A TIGHT SHIP! IF YOUR BOYS AREN'T OFF IN 10 MINUTES YOU WON'T GET PAID ANYTHING!
WHY I OUGHTA...

...TAKE THAT STOPWATCH AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!!!
W-W-WHOA, YOU WOULDN'T HIT A MAN WITHOUT A LARYNX, W-WOULD YOU?
ARRRGH... NO GOOD THIEVING, CONNIVING FRICKA FRACKIN' MUTHUH
HEH HEH...
BLARE! BLARE! BLARE!
...NOW HOW AM I GONNA PUT THE KIBOSH ON THIS LITTLE AFFAIR...
...ROCK, ROCK, ROCK, ROCK, ROCK 'N' ROLL DEATH CAMP!...
HMMM... I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I PULL THOSE PLUGS...
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED? WHO CUT THE AMPS?!
PLINK! PLINK!
LOOK!!! OVER THERE IN THE CORNER! THERE'S THE CULPRIT!
LET'S KILL HIM!!!!
YIKES!

LATER, BACKSTAGE...
MAN, WE SUCKED TONIGHT!
YEAH, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE THE MORE WE SUCK THE MORE THE AUDIENCE EATS IT UP!
HEY, IF THE LOVE US SO MUCH, WHY DO THEY KEEP THROWING STUFF AT US? I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS AFFECTION!
YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS! MY BUTTHOLE IS KILLING ME!
I'VE GOTTA COME UP WITH A NEW SHTICK!
UH-OH, THERE SHE IS...
YANK!
UGH, AND SHE'S GOT HER PATHETIC EXCUSE OF A "HUSBAND" WITH HER...
FUCKIN' DEGENERATES.
I GUESS THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME TO INTRODUCE THEM TO THE "BIG STAR"...
MAN, I DO NOT FEEL LIKE DEALING WITH THIS...
I HOPE THEY DON'T SEE ME...
...WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS WHAT A KNOCK-OUT LIKE HER IS DOING WITH A JIVE TURKEY LIKE HIM...
...AND WORSHIPPING A PHONY LIKE STINKY TO BOOT!
SIGH WHAT A WASTE...
OH WELL, NO USE SITTING HERE FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF...
I MIGHT AS WELL FULFILL MY END OF THE "BARGAIN" AND INTRODUCE—
HEY, BUDDY! SEE THAT CUTE BLONDE OVER THERE?
HUH? WHY, YES... AS A MATTER OF FACT I...
I FUCKED HER JUST BEFORE THE LAST SET...
SHE WAS INTO IT TOO, MAN...
SHE MUST'VE CAME A LEAST A HALF DOZEN TIMES...
SNIFF! SNIFF!


THE NEXT DAY...
?
?
WHAT'S THIS YOU'RE LISTENING TO, BUDDY?
IT'S A CLASSICAL MUSIC STATION...
I KNOW, BUT... WHY?
BECAUSE THIS IS ABOUT AS FAR REMOVED FROM "ROCK" MUSIC AS YOU CAN POSSIBLY GET...
...IT'S REACHED THE POINT WHERE I START TO GET NAUSEOUS IF I HEAR ANYTHING THAT EVEN REMOTELY RESEMBLES "ROCK" MUSIC...
...I'M PROBABLY GOING TO KILL SOMEONE THE NEXT TIME I HEAR ANY "ROCK" MUSIC...
DIDJA EVER NOTICE HOW NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO THEY'RE SHOVING "ROCK" MUSIC DOWN YOUR THROAT?
IT'S EVERYWHERE! IN STORES, IN YOUR CAR, OUT ON THE STREET, EVEN AT BASEBALL STADIUMS AND MOVIE THEATRES— IT'S INESCAPABLE!
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL ABOUT "ROCK" MUSIC, ANYWAY? WHAT DOES IT HAVE OVER, SAY, POLKA MUSIC? POLKA MUSIC HAS INTEGRITY— IT'S MUSIC MADE BY DOWN-TO-EARTH, REGULAR HUMAN BEINGS, WHEREAS "ROCK" MUSIC IS MADE BY MORONS FOR THE BENEFIT OF IDIOTS!
I'M TELLIN' YOU, I HATE "ROCK" MUSIC! I HATE IT WITH A PASSION!
YES, I'M BEGINNING TO SENSE THAT...
SO WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU HERE TO GIVE ME A HARD TIME ABOUT SOMETHING?
WHO, ME? NO, NOT AT ALL! I JUST THOUGHT I'D WATCH A LITTLE T.V...

WHAT? T.V.?!? DON'T YOU DARE TURN ON THAT T.V.!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'LL HEAR IF YOU TURN ON THAT T.V.? "ROCK" MUSIC, THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL HEAR!
IT'S ON EVERY CHANNEL! EVERY COMMERCIAL! EVERY THEME SONG — EVEN ON SESAME STREET! ALL YOU EVER HEAR IS ROCK! ROCK! ROCK!!!
...IF YOU TURN ON THAT T.V. I SWEAR I'LL ...I'LL...
OKAY. CALM DOWN! I WON'T WATCH THE T.V...
IN FACT, I THINK I'LL JUST SIT RIGHT HERE AND ENJOY A LITTLE CLASSICAL MUSIC MYSELF...
OH...OKAY. FINE...*HUFF, PUFF*...YOU DO THAT...
I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND IT FAR MORE PLEASURABLE THAN, SAY, "ROCK" MUSIC...
HMMM... THIS SOUNDS FAMILIAR...
IT'S TCHAIKOVSKY, ISN'T IT?
HUH? OH JEEZ, I DON'T KNOW...
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?
JUST THOUGHT I'D ASK...
SO, UH, I TAKE IT THAT YOU AND STINKY HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING ALONG LATELY...
OH YEAH? AND WHAT GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?

OH, JUST A HUNCH...
I KNOW THAT I FIND HIM TO BE MORE ARROGANT THAN USUAL LATELY, EVER SINCE HE BECAME A "ROCK STAR"...
WILL YOU SHUT-UP ABOUT STINKY!
DO YOU REALIZE THAT IN TWO DAYS I'LL BE STUCK ON THE ROAD WITH HIM FOR THREE WHOLE WEEKS?!
CAN'T I GET BY FOR JUST FIVE MINUTES WITHOUT ANYONE MENTIONING HIS NAME?!?
HEY, NOW JUST ONE MOMENT HERE...
ALL THIS TIME I'VE BEEN TRYING TOO MAKE PLEASANT CONVERSATION WITH YOU, YET ALL YOU CAN DO IS BITE MY HEAD OFF!
IT SEEMS LIKE EVER SINCE YOUR GIRLFRIEND DUMPED YOU THAT YOU'VE BEEN...
SHE DIDN'T DUMP ME!
WHY DOES EVERYONE KEEP INSINUATING THAT I SOMEHOW FUCKED UP WITH VALERIE?!?
I DIDN'T FUCK UP! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!
JUST YOU WAIT— SHE'LL BE CALLING ME UP ANY DAY NOW, AND THAT'LL PROVE TO ALL OF YOU STUPID JERKS THAT SHE DID NOT DUMP ME!!
SLAM!
WOW.. SOUNDS LIKE HE FUCKED UP REALLY BAD..
CLICK ♪"C'MON AND NUTRA-SIZE YOUR BODY."♪

TWO DAYS LATER...
WOW! OUR FIRST TOUR! MAN, THIS IS GREAT!
NO KIDDING, MAN! JUST WAIT 'TIL THOSE CALIFORNIANS GET A LOAD OF US!
YEAH, WE'RE GONNA BLOW THEIR EVER-LOVIN' MINDS—RIGHT, BUDDY?
I SAID 'RIGHT, BUDDY'?
AAH, DON'T BOTHER WITH HIM HE'S STILL SMARTING OVER HIS GIRLFRIEND GIVIN' HIM HIS WALKIN' PAPERS!
WHADDAYA TALKIN' ABOUT, MAN? BUDDY'S STILL GOT A GIRLFRIEND, ONLY SHE'S IN FRANCE!
THAT'S RIGHT! IN FACT I KNOW LOTS OF LOSERS WHO CLAIM TO HAVE A GIRLFRIEND IN FRANCE!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
DON'T LET 'EM GET TO YOU, BUDDY. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T LET 'EM GET TO YOU.
JEEZIZ.. WE'VE ONLY BEEN ON THE ROAD FOR TWO HOURS AND ALREADY THE INSIDE OF THIS VAN SMELLS LIKE A GIANT BEER FART.
..BUT I'VE GOT TO BE STOIC ABOUT THIS. THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA SURVIVE THIS TRIP IF I START LOSING MY COOL ON THE FIRST DAY...
MAN, I HEAR THE BABES IN FRISCO GOT THE SEATTLE CROP BEAT HANDS DOWN!
FORGET FRISCO, DUDE! JUST WAIT 'TIL WE GET TO L.A.! THAT PLACE IS BABE CITY, U.S.A!
...I WISH I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO GO ON THIS STUPID TOUR, BUT AFTER WEEKS OF BUSTIN' MY ASS TO SET THIS THING UP, I WANNA MAKE SURE THAT WE GET PAID, OR AS LEAST THAT I GET PAID!
AW, PHOOEY! THAT STUFF ABOUT THE WOMEN IN L.A. IS JUST A MYTH!
IT IS NOT A MYTH! IT'S A SCIENTIFIC FACT!

THINK ABOUT IT, DUDE! FOR THE LAST 75 YEARS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD HAVE BEEN FLOCKING TO L.A. HOPING TO MAKE IT IN SHOW BUSINESS.
AND EVEN THE ONES THAT DON'T MAKE IT WIND UP STAYING THERE AND START HAVING KIDS OF THEIR OWN, SO THAT BEFORE LONG YOU'VE GOT NOTHING BUT BEAUTIFUL BABES DOWN THERE! I'M TELLIN' YA, IT'S IN THE GENES!
HMMM... THAT SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE...
YOU MAY HAVE A VALID POINT THERE...
GOOD GRIEF! WILL YOU LISTEN TO THESE ASSHOLES? JEEZUS...
I CAN TELL ALREADY THAT THEY'RE GONNA BE COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL DURING THIS ENTIRE TRIP BUT I REFUSE TO LET IT BOTHER ME..
AND ALL UNFORESEEN EXPENSES WILL BE COMING OUT OF THEIR POCKETS, NOT MINE!
I'M GONNA BE DEDUCTING MY HEAD OFF!
YO, LISTEN UP, DUDES!
I INTEND TO PLAY THIS MUDHONEY TAPE NON-STOP FOR THE NEXT THREE WEEKS
AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU CAN SUCK MY DICK!!!
RIGHT ON, MAN!
RIGHT—FUCKIN'-ON-AND-A-HALF!
GROANNN..
HEY, LISTEN TO THIS, YOU GUYS.
"WITHOUT A DOUBT THE BEST UNSIGNED BAND I'VE SEEN IN YEARS HAS GOT TO BE SEATTLE'S OWN 'LEONARD AND THE LOVE GODS'.
..WHOSE LIVE SHOW WILL LEAVE YOU WITH A FEELING NOT UNLIKE HAVING YOUR GONADS HACKED OFF WITH A CHAINSAW, AND THEN HAVING THEM SERVED BACK TO YOU AS A GARNISH FOR YOUR EGGS BENEDICT—THEY'RE THAT GOOD."
YES!
WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!
BUY THAT MAN A BEER!
SNIPEHUNT

BUT WAIT, THERE'S MORE!...
"...LEAD SINGER LEONARD BROWN IS A MIRACLE AND A REVELATION...
...HE IS THE NEXT JOHNNY ROTTEN; THE SECOND COMING OF JIM MORRISON; A LIVING REINCARNATION OF ELVIS PRESLEY"...
OH MY GOD, YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!
THE GUY WHO WROTE THAT MUST'VE WET HIMSELF WITH LAUGHTER WHEN HE CAME UP WITH THAT LAST LINE...
HUH? WHADDAYA MEAN? THIS GUY IS DEAD SERIOUS, MAN!
AND YOU KNOW IT, TOO! YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO ADMIT IT!
OH, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD...
I'D SAY THIS GUY IS RIGHT ON THE MONEY! IN FACT, I'D SAY HE WAS HOLDING BACK IN HIS PRAISE!
I MEAN, FUCK "JOHNNY ROTTEN"! I'VE GOT MORE ON THE BALL THAN THAT GUY EVER DID!
...I'M MUCH MORE THAN JUST THE NEXT ELVIS, OR THE NEXT JIM MORRISON...
IN FACT...
...I AM THE NEXT IGGY!
SNAP!
THAT DOES IT...
KILL!
YIKES!
HEY MAN, LIKE, WHAT'S THE DEAL?
SAVE ME!

RUMBLE! POW! BAM! OOF! SMASH!
BOOT!
?
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
IT'S STARTING TO RAIN OUT HERE!
LET ME BACK IN!
POUND! POUND! POUND! POUND! POUND!
WE'RE NOT LETTING YOU BACK IN UNTIL YOU APOLOGIZE TO STINKY!
THAT'S RIGHT! NOBODY MESSES WITH OUR LEADSINGER! NOBODY!
IZZAT SO! WELL I'LL NEVER APOLOGIZE TO THAT ASSHOLE! I'LL QUIT FIRST!
YEAH, AND HE REALLY HURT ME, TOO...
DON'T SAY THAT UNLESS YOU MEAN IT, MAN! IF YOU THINK WE NEED YOU YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING!
YEAH, WE'LL GET OURSELVES AN HONEST MANAGER! STINKY TOLD US ALL ABOUT YOUR "DEDUCTIONS", MAN! WE'RE ON TO YOU!
OH, SO YOU DON'T TRUST ME NOW. IS THAT IT? FINE! I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU CRETINS, ANYWAY!
GO TO CALIFORNIA WITHOUT ME! SEE IF I CARE!
VRRRRoomm!
SUIT YOURSELF, MAN...
TRY NOT TO CATCH PNEUMONIA...
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME, YOU MORONS...
THIS IS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE SMARTEST THING I'VE EVER DONE!
HUFF *PUFF*
WHERE AM I?

LATER, AT THE OLYMPIA BUS DEPOT...
ZING! POW! KA-BOOM! WHIRRR-RRR-RR.. ARRRGH!...
HEY, ALL RIGHT! THIS IS THE BEST SCORE I EVER GOT ON THIS GAME!
MAYBE THIS IS A GOOD OMEN, AND THINGS'LL START TO PICK UP FROM HERE ON...
HASTA LA VISTA, BABY! I'LL BE BACK!
175,650
OF COURSE, A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT TO PULL OFF..
NOT WHEN YOU CONSIDER HOW LOUSY THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING FOR ME LATELY...
OH SURE, I SUPPOSE THAT DRUNKEN SAILOR OVER THERE COULD WIND UP SITTING NEXT TO ME ON THE BUS AND PUKE ALL OVER ME AS SOON AS WE START ROLLING, BUT WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF THAT HAPPENING?
GOD COULDN'T HATE ME THAT MUCH...
SIGH
MAN, WHAT A JOKE. MY ONE SHOT AT THE "BIG TIME", AND LOOK WHERE IT GOT ME —COLD AND WET IN A SMALL TOWN BUS STATION IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...
BOARDING NOW FOR THE 11:55 TO SEATTLE...
NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT I'M BROKE, ALL MY FRIENDS HATE ME, AND I NO LONGER HAVE A GIRLFRIEND...
MAN, DID I SCREW UP IN THAT DEPARTMENT...
OH WELL...

...GETTING USED TO BEING GIRLFRIENDLESS AGAIN IS GOING TO BE A DRAG, BUT I'LL MANAGE...
...LORD KNOWS I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE...
PLUS NOW I'VE GOTTA FACE THE FACT THAT MY LIFE IS MORE DIRECTIONLESS THAN EVER...
OH BROTHER, IT'S ALL TOO GRIM TO EVEN CONTEMPLATE RIGHT NOW...
MAN, IT'LL BE TOUGH TO FIND ANOTHER GIRL LIKE VALERIE...
SHE WORE NICE DRESSES AND EVERY-THING...
JEEZUS, WILL YOU SNAP OUT OF IT, BUDDY?! YOU'VE GOT TO THINK POSITIVE...
JUST KEEP REMINDING YOURSELF THAT THINGS ARE LOOKING UP, THINGS ARE LOOKING UP...
...UH-OH...
THE END.
EPILOGUE...
ARE YOU LISTENING TO THAT TAPE AGAIN?
I JUST HAD TO HEAR THE PART WHERE STINKY'S ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES ONE MORE TIME...
..LOOK BUDDY, YA GOTTA COME DOWN HERE AND HELP US OUT! OR AT LEAST SEND MONEY! C'MON, BE A PAL, WILL YA? *BEEP*
...LOOK MAN, I'M BEGGING ON MY HANDS AND KNEES! I'M STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF OAKLAND AND I'M REALLY SCARED! YA GOTTA HELP ME! *BEEP*
..THE VAN GOT TOWED, AND KURT GOT SICK, AND THE OTHER KURT WANTS TO MARRY A STRIPPER...

~~HATE MAIL~~ ~~PETE'S MAIL BAGGE!~~ LETTERS PAGES

Dear Peter,

Hate #7. . . the greatest single comic I read in the year 1991. Hell, this is possibly the greatest comic in the history of comics. Oh my God! Do you realize what this means?! It means you've peaked. It's all downhill from here. There's no way in hell you could top this. You might as well retire now. There's no sense in going on in this medium. Give it up. Quit the business before my opinion of you lessens. *Hate* #7 shall be a pinnacle of storytelling in the field of comics for at least until the turn of the millennium. It has set the standard for all comics that follow. After this story I see no point in reading any more comics. It will only lead to disappointment. As of now I hereby refuse to read another comic book for as long as I live. From this day forth I shall devote all my time and energy to watching TV. I hope you're happy, Peter. You've ruined me for all other comics.

Now if you will excuse me, I must go wash my mouth. It's dirty from all of this ass-kissing.

C-ya,

DAMON A. CATES
Cleveland, MS

Dear Mr. Bagge,

As an alienated introvert from Jersey who lived in Seattle for a year but flailed and is now back in Jersey, I can hardly explain the sort of emotional devastation *Hate* #4 and 5 brought me when I finally found them. My similarity to Buddy is so disturbing that my hands were shaking as I turned the pages. The only difference between us is that I prefer bourbon to scotch and that I own a cd player. They don't sell records in Jersey any more. Also, periodically I go on bodily-function free psychedelic binges like Stinky.

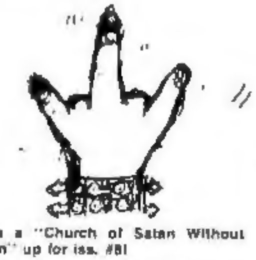
How many freaks like us are there? What are the demographics for *Hate* sales? [Demo-*what*? —P.B.] What kind of horrible trouble are you getting us into? The Babs Bradley saga was ruthlessly on target, it chilled me to the bone. Butch, too, was horrifyingly real. If your storytelling wasn't so malicious and jaded, I'd have cried in abject futility. How can you live with yourself? No wonder your work is so devoid of compassion, so full of hostility. You've either eaten too many psychedelics or not enough. Slow down! Speed up! You're haunting me! Even the Seattle locations you use filled me with remorse, for I miss Seattle and the girl I left behind. I even moaned longingly to myself when, in #5, you drew in the symbol for the Washington State Liquor Board.

Well, I must leave you now. Just wanted to say "Don't Sell Out!" Your work is far more disturbing than any hardcore violence could ever be. It's scarier than serial killers! If anyone is going to traumatize this apathetic Brady Bunch-blitzed generation it's gotta be you. And for many of us, trauma is all we have left.

Your devoted supporter,

ERICK KUERSTEN
Bridgewater, NJ

Hi Ya Pee Bagge!



It's a "Church of Satan Without Satan" up for iss. #8!

HE & SHE WHO CANNOT BE NAMED
San Francisco, CA

P.S.: Is that Stinky (gulp) in a diaper???!

["He Who Can Not Be Named" is a guitar player for the Dwarves, a band that involuntarily "posed" for *Hate* #8 & 9. —P.B.]

Dear Pete,

If you really want to succeed in the comic world, then you must print more photos of Chris Cooper. It's the only way.

SMILOR
Oklahoma City, OK

P.S.: How in the fuck does Stinky always have all these stylin' byrds around him. I mean, the dude's got fuckin' venereal warts all over his unit.

[The reason Stinky gets laid so much is because he's *not afraid to ask*. —P.B.]

Dear Peter Bagge,

I was reading *The Name of the Rose* by Umberto Eco the other day and I came across this quote:

> *"I hate you, Jorge, and if I could, I would lead you downstairs, across the ground, naked, with fowl's feathers stuck in your asshole and your face painted like a juggler and a buffoon, so the whole monastery would laugh at you. . ."*

So the last scene in *Hate* #8 was some sort of literary reference? So now I'm going to have to read "the classics" to understand what's going on in *Hate*?! Now I wish I paid more attention in English class.

Keep up the good work,

DAVID STANLEY
Pittsburgh, PA

Dear P-Bagge,

Man, yer comic is so-o-o-o realistic! It's just like my life! Stinky has genital warts. . . *I have warts!* *Hate* takes place in Seattle. . . *I've been to Seattle lots of times!* Stinky doesn't like to be called Stinky. . . neither would I!

I'm totally your biggest fan. I'm totally in love with Hopey and Maggie (before she got porky—blech) too! What's your favorite band? Mine is Switchback Alley! [Mine, too! —P.B.] The *Hate* comic and *Calvin & Hobbes* are my two favorites. [You mean *before* Calvin got "porky"!? —P.B.]

GEOF TODD
Madison, WI

Hey Pete,

Just to let the readers know that bein' a Hamilton isn't entirely a *male* thing. Lots of guys live in a self-imposed isolation 'cause they *think* they're "too ugly" for women to like 'em. But we *all* know men are more visually stimulated than women. Men dig porno, chicks read "erotica." (I'm in between — dirty comix!) Even pencil-necked geeks dig high heels. But there *are* nice girls out here who don't + won't conform to pre-conceived ideas of "femininity" thought up by testosteroid mutants and swallowed by the average schmuck. Look, if you're smart, talented, ~~have a big 10"~~ funny, whatever, we'll like ya! Men only notice yer brains *after* they love yer nibs. So do we nice girls hafta wear pentagrams or hippie thrift shit or anything black, tight, & lycra for you so-called intelligent guys to notice us?! I wanna stay comfy — so I stay home. But I wish there was a reason to save my litter box — any suggestions? If not — call me Cecil the Fourth!

KAREN "GRITTY KITTY" PAPERNO
Brooklyn, NY

Dear P.B.,

After *finally* receiving *Hate* #6 I got out the other five to take a look at the work so far.

It's really terrific. You and Douglas Copeland (author of *Generation X*, a must read) are about the only people who really understand the aesthetics and ennui of the post-boomer generation: the folks who grew up on Pals Vitamins, *Dynamite!* magazine, and space-food sticks.

Like your characters, I live in quasi-hip squalor because I refuse to be a shill and, more importantly, no one asked me to.

Incidentally, I'm one of your legion of gay readers (or "Bagge's Fags"), and I want more of Phil, who reminds me *severely* of my first boyfriend Roger, also a blond bisexual. (Ugh, don't get me started. . .)

ALONSO DURALDE
Dallas, TX

Dear Mr. Bagge,

Thank you for liberating me! I was living a parallel existence to your George Hamilton character. A social dropout by choice, I was intensely into fractals as a way of predicting the weather and stock market. After reading *Hate* #7 I realized the futility of my closed world. I am now watching lots of TV, had my telephone reconnected, and am hanging around with party people.

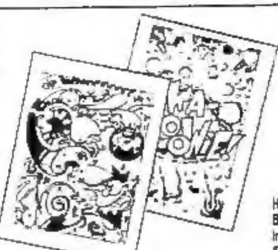
Thanks,

PATRICK GAFFNEY
Chicago, IL

[Uhm. . . Maybe you were better off with just your fractals [illegible] —P.B.]

PETE'S GRAB-BAGGE (GET IT?)

NEAT STUFF #2, #3, and #4: Alas and alack, we're sold out of issue #1 yet once again, but these three other classic early issues are still in print for those of you too cheap to buy the books! ($3.00 each.)



POSTCARDS: Ten black-and-white images from *Hate* and *Neat Stuff* that you can mail to your friends, or, if you don't have any friends, keep for yourself. $4.95.

HEY, BUDDY! RUBBER STAMP: Buddy Bradley captured in a diecut 2" x 2 3/4" inch stamp. Sorry, ink pad not included. $7.95.

GIRLY-GIRL CLOISONNE PIN. This full-color 1 1/4" inch pin makes a perfect gift for the Girly-Girl in your life. $6.95.

STUPID COMICS: All the NEAT STUFF we couldn't fit in the other books, including Girly-Girl, Goon in the Moon, etc. $11.50

JUNIOR AND OTHER LOSERS: Collects tales of Junior, Chet and Bunny Leeway, as well as the notorious "Reject." $14.50

STUDS KIRBY: "THE VOICE OF AMERICA": The biggest asshole in comics gets his own book. Dare you miss it? $11.00

I WANNA BE BAD T-SHIRT: Black T-shirt with the back cover to *Hate* #2 in full color. Perfect for those church luncheons. Please specify size: M, L, XL.

TWO BAGGE BUTTONS: "Hate" and Buddy's mug head-on. Only $2.00 for both!

5-BUTTON SET. Incl. two Bagge buttons, plus more. $4.50 for all five!

HATE #1-8: Because you demanded it, and because we need the money, issues #1-4 of the HARVEY AWARD-WINNING comic book are back in print again! Don't miss your second chance at these! $2.50 each.

HATE T-SHIRT. White T-shirt with Buddy Bradley's ugly mug plastered in front and a motto suitable for the '90s. Bright black and red colors. Please specify size: M, L, XL.

BACK IN PRINT! NEW REVISED EDITION! THE BRADLEYS, featuring an additional 36 pages of never-before-collected comics (including "Buddy the Weasel," the full-length "bridge" between *Neat Stuff* and *Hate*) and a brand new cover! $15.95.

Send me the following (all prices include postage and handling):

Neat Stuff #2 ($3.00) Neat Stuff #3 ($3.00)
Neat Stuff #4 ($3.00) Bagge Postcards ($4.95)
Rubber Stamp ($7.95) Cloisonne Pin ($6.95)
Studs Kirby: The Voice of America ($11.00)
Junior and Other Losers ($14.50)
The Bradleys ($15.50) *(COMING IN MAY)*
Stupid Comics ($11.50)
Back issues of Hate ($2.50 each):
#1 #2 #3 #4 #5 #6 #7 #8
Buttons, mixed lot ($4.50) Bagge Buttons ($2.00)
6-issue sub to Hate beginning with ______ ($12.00)
Vomit Glossary Poster ($5.00)
Hate T-Shirt ($16.95) ☐M ☐L ☐XL
I Wanna Be Bad T-Shirt ($16.95) ☐M ☐L ☐XL

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state ______ zip ______

Send to: FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115. Foreign orders enclose additional 25¢ per comic, 50¢ per book. All orders to be paid in American money (check or money order). Expect six to eight weeks delivery, as we have to spend all your money before sending [illegible] stuff.

hey Stinky
HEY'S FOR HORSES, ASS BITE!
SAY, AREN'T YOU LEONARD, OF LEONARD AND THE LOVE GODS?
THE ONE AND ONLY. WHAT'S IT TO YA?
IS IT TRUE THAT YOUR BAND RULES LIKE NO BAND HAS RULED BEFORE?
S'NOT FOR ME TO SAY. COME CHECK US OUT AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.
KER-CHUNK!
OH, I WILL! I WILL!...SAY, IS THIS A POSTER AN-NOUNCING THE DATE, TIME AND PLACE OF YOUR NEXT LIVE PERFORMANCE?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, KIDDO? BE THERE OR BE SQUARE.
WOW! HEY, CAN I HAVE ONE OF THESE?
SURE... FOR TEN DOLLARS...
OH BOY! WHAT A DEAL!
Hmmmm... I SHOULD'VE ASKED FOR TWENTY...
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